

VENTRILOQUISM.

AN AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A few years ago, towards evening, a stranger in a sulkey was pursuing his way towards a tavern, situated near the foot of a mountain in one of the Western States. A little in advance of him, a negro, singing the favorite melody of

"Gwynne down to shin-bone alley
Long time ago,"
The stranger hailed him with—"Hal-lo-uncle!—you snow ball!"
"Sah!" said blackey.
"Is that the Half-Way House ahead?"
"No, sah, dat are Massa Lemmon's Otel."

"Hotel, eh?—Billy Lemmon?"
"Yes sah—yes Massa Billy? he used to lib at de mouth ob de Cedar Creek—he done move now tho—he keeps monus nice tavern, now, I tell you."
"Indeed?"
"Yes, sah, you stop dar dis ebenin I spec, all spectable gentleman put up dar. You chaw backah Massa?"
"Yes, Sambo; here's some Caven-dish."

"Tankee, massa; my name Quash."
"Quash, eh?"
Yes, sah, at your service. "Och," grunted the debor, "tankee sah."

"Well, Quash, what kind of a gentleman is Mr. Lemmon?"
"Oh, he monus nice man, emper-tain gemmem in de fus stile an I take care ob de houses. I belong to him, and doe I say it, Massa Billy mighty clobber man; he funny too—tell heap ob de stories about glosses, an spirits, notwithstanding he trade on em hese to my pinyen."

"Afraid of ghosts eh?" said the traveller musing. "Well go ahead Mr. Quash—as it's gettin late I'll tarry with Mr. Lemmon to night."

Yes, sah, gee up ho! Dobbin: go a-long lively!" and setting off at a brisk trot, followed by the traveller, broke out in

Gwynne down to shin-bone alley,—"The barthen—Long time ago," was taken up by some one apparently in an adjoining corn-field, when occasioned Quash to pick up his ears with some surprise: he continued,

"Dah I meet old John Gladden."
And the same voice again responded from the field, "Long time ago."
"Who dar?" said the astonished negro, checking suddenly his horses, and looking around on every side for the cause of his surprise.

"Oh, never mind drive ahead snow-ball, it is some of your master's spirit I suppose."

Quash in a very thoughtful moodled the way to the tavern, without uttering another word. Halting before the door, the stranger was very soon waited upon by the obliging Mr. L., a bustling, talkative gentleman who greeted his customer with "Light, sir light—here John take out that chair box, come, sir—and carry this horse to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor, sir?"

"If you please sir, he is rather particular about his lodgings."

"Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and tend him well—I always like to see a horse well tended, and this is a noble critter too," continued the landlord slapping him smartly on the back.

"Take care will you sir?" said the horse.

"What the d—!" exclaimed he starting back.

"None of your familiarity!" said the horse, looking spitefully around at the astonished tavern-keeper.

"Silence, Belzebub!" said the traveller carressing the animal; and turning to the landlord, he observed, "you must excuse him sir—he's an aristocratic horse—the effects of education sir."

"He's the devil, sir."

"Wo ho, Belzebub! loose the traces, Quash, what are you staring at? he won't eat you."

"Come, landlord!" said Belzebub "I want my oats."

Quash scattered; the landlord backed up into the porch, and the traveller was fain to jump into the vehicle and drive round in search of the stable himself. Having succeeded to his satisfaction in disposing of his horse he returned to the tavern.

Anon supper came on; the eggs had all apparently young chickens in them; the landlord was in confusion at such a mortifying circumstance and promised amends from a cold pig—which as he inserted the carving knife into it, uttered a squeal, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlady. Down went the knife and fork, and the cold perspiration began to grow into large beads upon the forehead of the poor host as he looked fearfully at the grunter—his attention was soon called from without: calling

"Hilloa! house! Landlord!"

"Aye, coming gentlemen, more travellers, do help yourself, sir."

"Coming, gentlemen; here John, a light, bring a light to the door Sally, wait on the gentleman," and out the landlord popped followed by John with lights, but soon returned with a look of disappointment; he declared there was no living being without. The voices called again—and the landlord after going returned a second time, declared his belief that the whole plantation was haunted with evil spirits.

The stranger presently rose from the table and drew his chair to the fire having made a pretty hearty supper from the eggs and young porker, their cries to the contrary notwithstanding.

That night, rumor said, Mr. Billy Lemmons slept with a Bible under his head, and kept a candle burning in his chamber till morning. All who pass there to this day, may upon close examination, discover the heels of old horse shoes, peering over the casement, as a bulwark against witches, hobgoblins and all sorts of evil spirits.—*Norfolk Herald.*

THE LOVE DREAM.

I have had to-night a strange, but beautiful dream. It seemed to me that I walked in a garden full of flowers. It was spring—the birds sang, the heaven was clear, the air mild and pure, all was beautiful around me—but I did not feel myself happy. I wandered softly along and looked toward Alfred, who walked in the same direction with myself, but upon another path, separated from me by a little stream, whose silver waves sprang forward one over another, and whispered, "How charming, how charming it is to rock upon the cool waves!"

And I was obliged to repeat for myself, "How charming, how charming!" Alfred also looked incessantly towards me, and it seemed to me that our looks by degrees began to beam.

All at once he went down to the shore, and stepped into a little boat which floated across the stream, and suddenly paused at my feet. Alfred reached forth his hand to me to enter, I would not, and wept. I knew not rightly why. Then he took my hand, and drew me with gentle force near him in the boat. I wept still, but felt myself not unhappy.

Then began the boat, as if guided by invisible hands, to move itself, and rocked lightly and pleasantly down the stream, whilst the silver waves splashing kept around it and sang melodiously, "How charming it is to rock together upon cool waves!" I wept no longer.

Alfred and I talked with each other, and that which was said enchanted us. We floated softly away under balsamic-breathing flower-arches of lilacs and roses. The flowers loosened themselves from their stems and fell down upon us, whilst voices from them whispered, "How blessed it is to love one another, and be united!" and we repeated amid joyful feelings, "How blessed!" Then came the night, but a night without darkness, for all the flowers began to shine in their bright colors, and every wave looked upwards with a little bright shining diamond in its point. Above our heads floated a light cloud, from which beamed millions of stars. All at once Alfred said, "See there the grave!" And before us I saw something dark, formless, horrible, into which we were hastily driven. I felt, however, no fear. Then something like the wailing of a wing touched our eye-lids, and we slept. But our sleep had lovely dreams, and we ceased not to see one another. Then it was to me, as if a gentle kiss was pressed upon our lips, a kiss like that with which another awakens his sleeping child, and we awoke. A beaming morning-red surrounded us. We held one another by the hand, and ascended even higher and higher into an atmosphere of rose odor. I felt my being light and ethereal. Every particle of heaviness, of depression, of discomfort, was vanished; I felt it was forever. In a sea of crystal clearness, which lay below us, our figures were reflected, and I saw myself so beautiful that it enchanted me. "Now for the first time," thought I, "I am worthy of him!" In the midst of the transporting feeling of a pure and increasing joy, stole suddenly the thought through my soul, "all this should be only a dream, and I should wake no more in dream but in reality!" Ah, truly, all was only a dream. I perceive all at once the cry of the night-watch, "The clock has struck one!" and the bell of the Countess which called me to her. The Countess fancied she heard a mouse in her sleeping room, and would allot to me the part of a cat, which I performed extremely unskillfully.—*Frederika Bremer—From the Solitary.*

A sailor went to see a juggler exhibit his tricks. There happened to be a quantity of gunpowder in the apartment underneath, which took fire and blew up the house. The sailor was thrown into the garden behind, where he fell without hurt. He stretched his arms, got up, shook himself, rubbed his eyes, and cried out, (conceiving what had happened to be only part of the performance, and perfectly willing to go through the whole.) "Well, I wonder what the fellow intends to do next?"

"Long time ago," a young lady had accepted the proffered services of a youth to gallant her home. Fearing that a joke might be cracked at her expense if the circumstance should be known, after having gone half way, she dismissed him, enjoining secrecy. "Don't be afraid of my saying any thing about it," said he, "for I feel as ashamed of it as you do."

ELECTRICITY.—The editor of the Albany Knickerbocker tells a circumstance which most of our readers will agree with us in thinking is indisputable—namely, that the lips of beautiful females are as much galvanic batteries as the Leyden phial arrangements. "We discovered this little secret (says he of the Knickerbocker) about a week ago, while a young lady, from "down South," all loveliness and roguery, was playing around and teasing us. By some means or other our lips came in contact with hers—when to our great consternation, a shock of electricity of the most alarming description instantly darted over our whole system, of such prodigious power that it gave us a palpitation of the heart which has continued to this day.

What's very surprising about this electricity, is the fact the power of the shock invariably increases with the beauty of the battery—one owned, for instance, by a pair of melting black eyes, would, we think, prove fatal the strongest constitution.

We agree entirely with our Albany cotemporary in his views respecting electricity. We have seen and heard of many a *spark* brought out by the experiment to which he alludes.—*Boston Bee.*

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RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Monroe County, that he keeps for sale a very general assortment of
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of the most approved editions and manufacture, which he offers, *wholesale or retail*, at the lowest cash prices.

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including the Text Books of the different Medical Colleges, and of

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adapted to the wants of almost every religious denomination, embracing general editions of the Holy Bible, Protestant and Catholic Prayer Books, Presbyterian Psalms and Hymns, Campbell and Rice's Debate, with a large assortment of

Miscellaneous Works for general or scientific Reading.

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in common use kept constantly on hand, and

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manufactured to any pattern, of the best materials, without delay. A great variety of

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also form an article of stock, which are offered at reduced prices.

N. B. The highest price given for Rags in exchange. Wheeling, July 5, 1844. [19]

STATE OF OHIO MONROE COUNTY, SS.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

IN CHANCERY.
Benjamin Stephens, William Wells and Nancy his wife, James Law and Lucretia his wife.

vs.
Apollo Stephens, Adam Shriver, and Martha his wife, John Lore, and Hester his wife, Elijah Stephens, Nancy Stephens, Lucretia Stephens, Andrew J. Stephens, Francis Stephens, Eliza Jane Stephens, Apollo Stephens, Jr. Modolina Stephens, J. Nancy Stephens, Edward Stephens, John Stephens, Aaron Morris, and Elizabeth his wife, Nelson Brown, and Modolina his wife, Modolina Stephens Senior. The above named Apollo and Edward being executors of Apollo Stephens deceased.

The defendants who are heirs at law, and executors of Apollo Stephens Senior deceased, are hereby notified, that the complainants have this day filed in the office of the clerk of said court, their bill in chancery, setting forth amongst other things that the will of said Apollo Stephens deceased, lately admitted to probate in said court, was and is invalid by reason of fraud, artifice, and undue means exerted to induce said Apollo to make said will, and because said Apollo at the time of making said pretended will, was not of sound and disposing mind and memory, but incapable from mental imbecility of doing any legal or binding act. Said petition prays for an issue at law, to try the validity of said will, and that the same may be declared null and void and ineffectual in law.

WILLIAM F. HUNTER,
EDWARD ARCHBOLD,
Sols. for Complainants.

August 23, 1844—6th 26.

STATE OF OHIO MONROE COUNTY.
TO Apollo Stephens, Benjamin Stephens, Ed-

ward Stephens, John Stephens, William Wells, Nancy Wells, Adam Shriver, Martha Shriver, John Lore, Hester Lore, James Law, Lucretia Law, Aaron Morris, Elizabeth Morris, Nelson Brown, Modolina Brown, Elijah Stephens, Nancy Stephens, Lucretia Stephens, Andrew J. Stephens, Francis Stephens, Eliza Jane Stephens, John Stephens, Apollo Stephens, and of Levi, Modolina Stephens, Nancy Stephens, who are the heirs and legal representatives of Apollo Stephens deceased, and Apollo Stephens and Edward Stephens as executors of the last will and testament of Apollo Stephens deceased. You will take notice that Modolina Stephens widow of Apollo Stephens deceased, this day filed in the office of the clerk of the court of Common Pleas of Monroe County aforesaid, her petition praying for dower in the land of said Apollo Stephens deceased, and that said petition will be for hearing at the next term of said court.

EDWARD ARCHBOLD,
WILLIAM F. HUNTER,
Sols. for Petitioner.

August 23, 1844—6th 26.

STATE OF OHIO MONROE COUNTY.
To Elizabeth Person widow of David Person deceased, Clarinda E. Person, John H. Person, James M. M. Person, David G. Person, Josiah C. Person, Thomas H. H. Person, who are the heirs and legatees of said David Person deceased, and Waterman Palmer, William Hagley and Isaac R. Smith partners under the name of Bagley & Smith, John H. Brown & James M. Brown partners under the name of John H. Brown & Co. Benjamin McClain Hugh D. King & John D. McCord partners under the name of McClain King & McCord, Eli B. Swearinger, John Goshorn, William S. Goshorn & Benjamin F. Kelly, partners under the name of John Goshorn & Co., Thomas Drakely, Michael Kelley, Lavina Hammond, Benjamin M. Belt, Benjamin M. & William D. Belt, and Samuel H. Guthrie, who are judgment creditors of said David Person deceased. You will take notice that on the 13th day of July A. D. 1844, William Steel and Benjamin Hughes as Executors of said David Person Dec'd., filed in the office of the clerk of the court of Common Pleas of said county their petition, the object and prayer of which is that said executors be authorized to sell all the real estate of said Person, for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate, and that said petition will be for hearing at the next term of said court.

WM. F. HUNTER,
Solicitor for Petitioner.

August 23, 1844—4th 26.

MARSHALL'S SALE.
BY virtue of the command of a venditioni exponas to me directed from the circuit court of the United States for the District of Ohio, I will offer for sale at public outcry, at the front door of the court-house in the town of Woodfield Monroe County Ohio, on Thursday the 10th day of October next, at 12 o'clock M. on said day, the following described tracts or parcels of land lying and being in said county of Monroe, to wit: twenty four acres of land in the southeast quarter of section 12, township 5, and range 5. Also lots number 5 and 10 in the town of Beallsville, also lot number 12 in Linn's addition to said town of Beallsville, with all and singular the improvements thereon, taken in execution as the property of John Linn (now deceased), at the suit of Sewell Baughner & Co.

JOHN McELVAIN,
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E. SCATTERDAY,
Jacobsville, Belmont county, Ohio.
Cough Lozenges 25 cents per box;
Worm " " "
Canphor " " "

(Poor Man's) Plasters only 12 1-2 cents apiece.
All who buy a box of Dr. Sherman's Lozenges, or Plaster, are entitled to one of SHERMAN'S MESSENGERS OF HEALTH, which can be obtained from all Agents.

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Those who wish this work in the most perfect state, will only be sure of it by taking the parts as they appear, which will contain the early proofs of the Engravings.

The Tragedy of Hamlet is now in press.—The first part will be issued in March.

PROSPECTUS.
THE PICTORIAL and LITERARY REVISED Editions of SHAKESPEARE, lately published in England, are amongst the most beautiful specimens of the recent and remarkable improvement of the art of Wood Engraving, which by combining great excellence of execution with economy of price, has given an unrecanted diffusion to the most useful as well as the most exquisite productions of the Arts of Design.

The designs of KENNY MEADOWS for the illustrations of the new edition of Shakespeare, express the character of the several personages, and the spirit of the scene, with wonderful truth and power; whilst the wood engraving of Knight's Pictorial edition, combine with the highest merits of art and taste, such a learned and minute accuracy as to scenery, costume, architecture and antiquity, as to make them a perpetual and most instructive commentary upon the Poet's text. It is now proposed to embody in an AMERICAN EDITION, the admirable illustrations of both these editions, engraved with equal excellence of mechanical execution, to add to these, other engravings from eminent artists, as Reynolds, Fuseli, S. Newton, &c., and to accompany them with a beautifully printed and correct text.

But the publisher, anxious that his country should part some part of the homage due from her to the greatest of Poets, as to one who belongs not solely to England, but to all

Who speak the tongue

That Shakespeare speaks, has deemed it a mere republication or compilation. He has therefore prevailed upon ROBERT W. WEIR, whose reputation as an Artist is already identified with his country's history, to contribute a series of Original Designs, together with such advice and assistance in other details of art, as his taste may suggest, for the illustration and embellishment of this publication. From the same reason, the publisher, instead of reprinting the text and commentary of any popular English edition, has deemed it his duty to employ the services of an American Editor. This task has been undertaken by GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.

The plan proposed to himself by the Editor is to furnish the reader with a carefully prepared and accurately printed text, unencumbered by any notes or comments upon the page itself; as however useful they may be elsewhere, they are too apt to divert the mind from the power of the Poet's thought, and to disturb the magic of his scene. Such notes as may be thought useful for the explanation or criticism of the text, will be put into an Appendix to each play.

The text of Shakespeare's dramatic works, drawn from old printed copies in his age, which had never passed under the author's own eye, was consequently disfigured by many errors and absurdities. It passed during the last century through a succession of varying editions, until the revision of Stevens and Malone, whose text, or rather that of Stevens has become the standard text, which most of the English and American editions have been printed, with various degrees of accuracy.—But within the last twenty years, a more minute and familiar acquaintance with old English idioms, habits and modes of thought, guided by an intense and constantly increasing admiration for Shakespeare's genius, has led to the strong conviction that very many of the numerous though slight deviations from the ancient text, appearing in modern editions, are needless & erroneous conjectures, sometimes weakening the sense, and other substitutions, as an arbitrary monotonous, metrical regularity, to the Poet's own native melody. Accordingly, many of these emendations have been rejected by the late and best English editors, especially Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier, and the readings of the old folios and quartos have been restored, unless where some error of the press or manuscript was undeniably manifest. Yet there are many such passages confessedly corrupt, requiring conjectural emendation; there are also differences of reading between the several old impressions affording grounds for some diversity of text and warm controversy, between the more recent editors.

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